THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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(For the Protector.)

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe—
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow—
To meet the meek uplifted eye
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony,
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights
To trace the march of death—
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath—
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all be ended with the close,
This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years—
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears—
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to Heaven,
And think my child is there—
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yield the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE STONE AND A PRAYT.

Well, Father John did not curse Jem after all; at least, not this time. Maybe Father John thought it hard to take the bit out of the mouths of Jem's children; or maybe there were too many to be cursed; or maybe Father John had read the first number of the *Catholic Layman*, and seen what came of the priest cursing the miller.

But Pat and Jem did not know yet that the curse was not going to be now; and so it happened the next day when they sat down to eat dinner under the thorn bush, they began to talk of it.

"And what made him so angry entirely!" said Pat. "Sure we only wanted him to set us right; and if he would only take the trouble to teach us what is right, sure we would be willing to be taught by him, and give him every respect. And sure if we just went on as we used to do, and never offered to learn anything at all about God, or the Bible, or the Saviour of sinners, we would never get a cross word from him no more than some of the boys that thinks no more about religion than the horses and cows does; and yet Father John has nothing but a pleasant word for them; and I never see him get cross entirely till it's the Bible that's in it; and what's the reason he was so angry!"

"Indeed," said Jem, "that's what I'm thinking of all day; and there's something in it that's not right; for ask him what I will out of the Bible, to get him to explain it to me, or set me right, it's not about that thing he'll speak in his answer at all; just as if he didn't care how far I went astray in it; but it's always the one answer he has, 'It's reading the Bible you are,' says he—that's his cry; as if the very name of it angered him, so that he could not teach us anything out of it at all."

"And maybe that's just near the truth," said Pat. "Maybe it's little he knows it himself, and he's afraid to take on him to teach it."

"Well, I'd think that too," said Jem, "*only that he gets so angry about it.* For when I see that look in his face, when he hears of the Bible, it isn't like as if he didn't know it all himself; it's a deal liker as if he knew it too well, and that it wouldn't be on his side; and sure it's *that that would* make him angry in earnest, and nothing else that I can see."

By this time Jem was near the end of his dinner, for it was little that day, poor fellow, for he had the wife and eight children at home; and he was just going to peel his last potato, and little enough it was to keep him till night at his work, when his little son, Billy (just four years old), comes running up the path, with his bright hair blowing in the wind, as pretty as you could see.

"Oh, what *will* I do with the childer, at all, when Father John curses me?" said Jem. And with that Billy runs up to him, crying, "Oh, daddy, daddy, gimme a praty."

"Be off out of that, you young thief!" said Pat, "and don't be taking the dinner out of your daddy's mouth."

"Easy, Pat," said Jem; "sure if it was the last praty I had in the world, or if I'd never eat a praty again, the darling would get it. Sure it's not one of them stones off the field I would be giving him."

And so Jem took Billy on his knee, and gave him the potato.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," says Pat, "if them isn't a'most the very words of Jesus Christ himself."

"What words at all?" said Jem, quite surprised at what Pat said.

"What you said about the stone," said Pat. "Sure I read it in the Douay Bible on Sunday, the purtiest words that I ever saw in the book."

"And what were they at all?" said Jem.

"Why, I haven't just got the words," said Pat; "but I couldn't get the story out of my head if I tried. Why, Jesus Christ himself was talking to all the people* about him, and teaching them the quietest and plainest way you ever heard. You would think it was the sweetest and quietest voice that ever spoke to read them words. 'And,' says he to all the people that were there, 'is there any one of you at all,' says he, 'standing there, and if one of his little children would come and ask him for a bit of bread, is it a stone that you'd give him? And if the likes of you,' says he, 'bad as you are, has that heart to your children, what must your Heavenly Father be to them that comes to ask of him? Will he be any worse than you?' Well, when I saw you give the last praty, Jem, to the poor child that I was hunting off you, it just came into my heart—Well, now, is that the way our Heavenly Father will do to one of us when we go to ask of him?"

"Well," said Jem, "if them words don't teach me more about God than ever I knew before, or ever I learned from Father John; and sure that *must* be true; surely God *couldn't* be crosser or worse in himself to me, than the like of me is to the child, but a thousand times better. Sure, if that is not a thought to make us pray to him, and put our trust in him. I would rather hear them words, after giving Billy the praty, than all the words that ever I heard. Surely it was the Saviour that knew how to speak to poor people, aiming to teach their very hearts.

"That's just it, Jem," said Pat; "and it's *that* that is making me take to the Bible. Sure I expected, the first day I read it, to find it all about transubstantiation, and decalogues, and elephants† and all kinds of hard things that I don't understand; and that every word of it would be disputing and argufying about everything, the way the Protestants are always going on with each other; and that there wouldn't be anything in it at all for poor people like me; and, sure enough, I find a great deal that it isn't easy for me to understand; but here and there I find some of the words of Jesus Christ himself, that's so plain and so loving, and that goes into my heart so easy and so sweet, that I can't help looking out for them words whenever I am reading; and I wouldn't believe Father John, nor the bishop, nor the Pope himself, that them words could do me any harm, or be anything but good for me; for, surely, Jesus Christ was fitter than the most learned of them all to give the right sort of teaching for poor and ignorant people; and if Father John would only take and copy some of that teaching out of the Bible, it would be a different way with us.

"Well, now, I'll trust in God anyway for the praties," said Jem, "and I am notafraid now of Father John or his curse, not even when I look at Billy. Sure Father John told me to see what the Bible could do for me; and sure I see it now! To think now that I may go to my Heavenly Father, just the way that Billy came to me; sure that's more comfort than ever I had before this day."

"And it's I that am glad that the words did you good, Jem," said Pat; "and that same will make me look for more words like them in the same book; and indeed, I'm thinking that it's little we know about the book, till we come to see how it fits us in things like that. Them that is only disputing about it, I'm thinking, knows nothing of the good of it at all. I'm thinking now there's hardly a thing that we poor people do, that we won't find that Jesus Christ had some words to say about that very thing; and sure that's plain teaching for poor people anyway. Why, as I was sitting at the door last Thursday evening, reading my book, and the children playing about, and they were on for hunting the young chickens in spite of the wife, and there was the old hen majoring about, and looking as big and as grand as if she was fit to pick the heads off them, and the children dare't go near the chickens at all with her; well, if I didn't come in the very nick of time to a place in the book (and sure enough I have that marked) where Jesus Christ says he only wants to gather us together just the same as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, to take care of us the way she does.* Sure that's making the very birds teach us, and isn't that plain enough for anybody?"

"Well, Pat," says Jem, "you're teaching me the way to read; and thank you kindly for it; and that's the way I'll read, for I was thinking there was a deal I wasn't fit for, and no wonder, considering how little the clergy ever instructed us about it; and now I'll look for what fits me, and let Father John stop me if he can."

"Well, it's that I take to it for," said Pat; "and I suppose there's something in the book for the learned, and something for us, and that every body may get their share; and though I read a good bit betimes, without coming to what is just for the likes of me, yet when I get it, it's worth the looking; and maybe God meant just that same, that we shouldn't get it without looking for, no more than anybody will dig these praties without working for them first. And if it's his will that we should get our bit by working for it, and waiting for it, maybe it's just the same too with our souls. Anyway I've got enough to make me go on; and, with God's blessing, I'll keep to the reading." And so the bell rung, and Billy ran home, and we must wait till next time.

GOING TO HIMSELF.

We hope our readers will be glad to hear what Pat and Jem were talking about since. Well, as they were walking home from their work, not long since, Pat asked Jem, "What do you find in the reading now, Jem?"

"Why," says Jem, "my mind was running on that story about the stone and the praty. You mind what you told me about what our Blessed Saviour said about it, and it made me think so different of the great God from anything I ever could think before, and it made me *feel* so different like to him, that I took to reading that place over and over. And sure if I had any doubt about reading the Bible, the reading of that story over and over makes me feel in my heart that reading God's book is a blessed thing to us poor creatures. And then, when I was reading, the next verse stuck in my mind, and this is it—'Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.' And them words is in my mind, nightand day; and there's something I understand, and something I don't."

"Well, tell us about that," says Pat.

"Well," says Jem, "I see plain enough about asking, for sure that is praying to our Father in heaven; and doesn't that say, that if we pray to him he will answer our prayers? And sure is not that the great thing for the like of us? Well, I see, too, about *seeking*. If we look to know God, we *will* come to know him; and where would we seek for him if we didn't in his own book? Sure I have found more about him *there* than ever I learned before; but there's one thing I can't make out at all, and that's about *knocking*—sure that would be at some gate or door like, that seemed closed agen us; but if we don't know *what the door is*, how can we get to knock at it? and if we don't knock at it, how will we get it open? And I can't make it out at all, and I'm seeking for it day and night, and thinking maybe will I find it if I seek."

"'Deed and I can help you then," says Pat, "and it's easy to find; for sure I came on it last Sunday, when I was reading the 10th chapter of St. John's Gospel; and though I didn't take heed, as you did, to what our Saviour said about knocking, still I came upon the answer."

"And what was it at all?" said Jem.

So Pat repeated the verse, (John ch. x. v. 9, Douay Bible) where Christ says, "I AM THE DOOR; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."

"Well, if that isn't the very thing," said Jem; "sure I'll never go to work at the squire's again without thinking of that."

"And why so?" said Pat.

"Don't you know," said Jem, "that big wall round the place, and how would I ever get in without the door in it? and sure isn't that it entirely, when Christ says he's the door? It means *the way* in, and that there's no stop when the door is open. See the good now of our talking together on the road about the reading. One thing sticks to one person, and another to another; and when we put them together, just see how well they fit."

"Well, that's true anyway," said Pat; "but I doubt there's many a one striving to enter in by the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and how will that be? Isn't that like making *her* the door? And, 'deed, I tried that long enough myself; for sure I never was told it was wrong, or got any teaching to learn me better, till I took to reading. But how will it be at all?"

"Is there anything about that in the Bible?" said Jem. "Is there anything in it at all for praying to the Blessed Virgin?"

"Well, I don't know," said Pat; "if it's in I haven't come to it yet."

"Nor I, neither," said Jem; not nothing like it. But sure's it's hard for me to say that it's not in the Bible; for there's a deal in it yet that I haven't read yet, and a deal more than what I have read; and how can I go to say that it isn't in that?"

"That's true enough," says Pat; "it's easy enough to know that a thing is in the Bible, but it's mighty hard for ignorant creatures like us to know that a thing is not in the Bible. If the priests would only teach us the Bible, and show us what is in it and what isn't."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "if the things was in it, I suppose they would, and glad enough too; but if the things they teach us isn't in it, how would it be expected they would tell us *that*, or help us to know it? And that makes me think there is things they teach us that isn't in the Bible at all."

"Well, I mind now," said Pat, "that I heard Father John preach a sermon against the Protestants, and he said they were heretics because they did not pray to the Blessed Virgin and to the saints and the angels. And I mind he didn't say it was in the Bible; but still he showed us the reason of it; 'For,' says he, 'if you wanted anything of the Queen, sure,' says he, 'it isn't to the Queen you would be going yourself,' says he, 'but you would try and get some one she cared more about than she did about you; and wouldn't your own sense tell you,' says he, 'that it would be better for you to get some lord or lady to speak for you, than to be putting yourself on her?' Well now," says Pat, "doesn't all that stand to reason?"

"Well, I mind that sermon, too," said Jem, "and I thought a deal of it then, but I don't now; for I was thinking it over since, and it doesn't stand to reason at all, when you come to look into it; for sure the Queen, God bless her, is only a woman like another, after all; and how could she have every one going to herself? Sure she would be fairly worried out of her life, if that was the way. Why, in the time of the famine, sure, that was so sore on us, was there man, woman or child in this parish that wouldn't have gone straight to the Queen, God bless her, if they only could get at her? but how would it be with her, if all Ireland was going to her at worst, to say nothing of England? Sure she could only talk to one at a time, just like any other; and that is the reason she must have other people for us to speak to, and to speak for us to her. But, sure, that isn't the way with God; sure, it couldn't put him out if all the people in the world were praying to him at worst. So you see it doesn't agree at all, when you only come to look into it. And if I could go to the Queen at once, what would stop me? Sure if she was only *to see* little Billy, and him hungry, and asking me for a praty, when I had none to give him, sure if she could only see that *herself*, wouldn't it be better for me than if all the lords and ladies were talking to her about me? Sure don't we know that it's seeing that is believing? Don't the quality hear enough about us, and the distress that the poor is in? Sure, they see enough of it in the newspapers to know all about it, but that does no good; but if one of them comes into our houses, and sees the want there, then, sure enough, they give us help. So you see, Pat, it's better for us always just to get to the sight of them if we can, instead of leaving it to others to tell them about us. Now, if God sees what we want himself, and if he's able and willing to hear us all, if we were all praying together, without any trouble to himself, why wouldn't we go to himself? Sure it doesn't stand to reason at all, that because the Queen can't see everything and speak to everybody herself, that God can't. And if matters is so different with God and the Queen, it's not common sense for Father John to be telling us that our own sense ought to make us do to God what has to be done to the Queen, only just because she is like another body, and no greater in herself than one of ourselves. I would go straight to her, *if I could*; and why wouldn't I go straight to God if I can?"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "there's reason in that, sure enough, only I didn't see it before; and sure enough I would spake to the Queen afore the relieving officer or the inspector, if I could, and have more hope in it. But how will we get to know at worst if the Bible says anything about praying to the Virgin Mary, or getting her to offer our prayers to God, and to intercede with him for us? For I want to know that, and it would be long to wait till we get all the Bible read through."

"Well, that's what I want to know," said Jem, "and I can't be easy till I get the knowledge of it. For sure the more I read in the Bible about God's goodness to them that ask him, the harder it seems out to know rightly the right way to ask him. Sure I feel every day more and more, that it can't be right with me till I know how to pray to him in the way that it will please him to hear; and the more I read about him, the more call I feel for praying to him in a way that I never did yet, and it's a hard case not to be sure of the right way."

"Why wouldn't we ask Mr. Owens?" said Pat; "sure he told us to go back to him any time we pleased, and we didn't go to him yet; and why won't we ask him about this?"

"Sure that's it," said Jem, "and it's early yet, and what is to hinder our just going down to him now? maybe he will just show us what we want in the Bible, and settle us at once; sure enough let us try."

So off they went down to Mr. Owens; and if we can find out what passed, our readers shall have it in the next number.

From the Home and Foreign Record of the Free Church of Scotland.

THE TWO INDIAS; OR, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

Let us bring into one view India Past and India present. Two strikingly different pictures are before us. The contrast is not what it will be; for India still bows to Vishnu, and is ruled by the Brahmin; but how unlike the India of to-day to the India of last century!

Were it not that its great landmarks are unchanged—were it not that the mighty wall of the Himalay as still shuts it in on the north, and that Cape Comorin still upreares his giant front, and stands sentinel at its southern gates; and that the Ganges still rolls along, through dark forest, reedy jungle, and green meadow, from the snowy range on the one side, to the ocean strand on the other—we would not believe that it is the same land, or that these are the same people. So great is the change.

Nor is the change so great in itself, as in the impression it has produced in all minds, that it is but the precursor, and that more stupendous changes are behind it. It says to him who has an ear to hear, "Verily thou shalt see greater things than these."

And by what influence has this change been wrought? Is it the plastic influence of government, which has so tamed and humanized its races, and made them amalgamate? Is it the activity of commerce that has broken up its immemorial stagnation, and enabled it to discard so many absurd and noxious prejudices? Is it the wisdom of science that has exploded so many old ideas, and introduced so many new ones? Not at all. The combined influence of all three could no more have produced such a change upon the inner life of the Indian people in so short a time, than a single torch could have dispelled the midnight, or a single rill have given birth to the Ganges. This change, great already, but unspeakably greater in its inevitable consequents, has been produced by the missionary influence—that influence which, so long as it acts at the bottom of society, which it necessarily does at first, is denied as a power; but which, when it emerges on the surface, as it now begins to do, statesmen and philosophers are compelled to admit to be one of the mightiest forces in the world. It is a force that bids the dead live.

In comparing the two Indias we have not far to look back. It is the end of last century. For ages the name of Christ has not been uttered in India. Not a knee of any of its children has been bowed to the true God. Calvin, Luther, Knox, has arisen in Europe. The Reformation has been accomplished. The Covenanters have died in Scotland, but unbroken night has rested on India. It has been day in Britain, but that mighty continent has all the while been a valley of the shadow of death.

One day, in 1793, two strangers from distant England stepped upon its shore. They were plain men, without friends, without influence, without money. What was their errand? Their errand was to change the religion of India. They had come to persuade the millions of that land that the opinions they held, and which were sanctioned by the reverence of immemorial ages, defended by the learning and the authority of the Brahmin, entrenched within caste, and upheld by rich revenues and sumptuous temples, were false, and that salvation there was not save in the "Crucified One." Their errand, viewed by the eye of sense, was the very height of the ridiculous; viewed by the eye of faith, it was inconceivably sublime.

The two strangers were Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carey. But what sad spectacles met their eye, and what mountainous difficulties rose before them! It were far easier to have said to the Himalayas, Be thou plucked up, and be thou cast into the midst of the sea, than to have said to India, Be thou converted and turned from thine idols. Carey did not despair. "All my hope is in God," said he; "without his power no European could possibly be converted, and that same power can convert any Indian!" On the very first day of their arrival at Calcutta, Dr. Carey and his companion sat down among the natives near a bazaar, and received from their hands a plantain-leaf of rice, which they gladly ate in their presence. The act was a simple one, but of much significancy and power. Like their Master they came eating and drinking, the friend of the ryot and the pariah.

Long years of trial, despondency, and unsuccessful labour ensued. Christ was preached in city and village. The Brahmin and the peasant were alike invited; but India said, "I have loved idols, and after them will I go."

The more they contemplated the difficulties in their path, the more insurmountable they seemed. Government was hostile. They were restricted in their operations, and knew not but that they might be sent out of the country altogether. Caste, like a brazen wall, stood between the poor Hindu and the reception of Christianity. But what, if possible, was a greater barrier, the conscience of the Hindu was extinguished. His moral sense was dead. Sin he could not feel; and salvation he did not need. Moreover, what labour would it require to master the language of India!

The gods were more numerous than the people. Their deities were three hundred millions in all. And what gods! They were patrons of cruelty, lust, theft, falsehood, and every vice. The mothers of that land offered their very children to the goddess of murder. Ten thousand widows annually were burned on the funeral pile; and the banks of the Ganges were strewn with the loathsome sights of fathers and mothers, emaciated and dying, brought hither by their children, and left to expire in the sacred waters of the Ganges.

Carey seemed to lose ground. He was compelled to leave Calcutta, and retire to some distance from it, and become a cultivator, for the support of his family. His seventh year of labour in India was running, and yet he had not made *one* convert from idolatry. His hopes sunk to the lowest. He asked himself, "Have I done right in coming to India?"

One day he took boat and descended the river which ran past his dwelling, and, going on shore, he entered a thicket of forest, and poured out his soul in prayer, his agonised spirit entreating that God would give him if but one convert, as a proof that God had not cast him off, and that the gospel should yet have free course and be glorified in India. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

It was now the year 1800. A short while after the prayer in the copse, a Hindu of the name of Krishnu came to Mr. Carey, and sitting down, partook of food with him, after which he uttered these memorable words, "The chain of the caste is broken, and who shall be able to mend it?" This man had heard the gospel before, and being impressed with it, confessed that he was a sinner—a great sinner. The missionary thanked God and took courage. But who can tell his joy when, a few days thereafter, this same native and another Hindu returned, and making a confession of their faith, they, with Krishnu's wife and sister, were baptized! How welcome these first fruits! A great blow had fallen on the gods and temples of India. Sitting down, this little company partook together of the Lord's Supper. We behold in this transaction the earliest break of day. We see the first foundations laid of the Church in India, and hear the first notes of that song which shall yet be pealed forth by all India's nations—the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Ever since that day the work has been progressive. Other labourers, other converts, yet another and another voice has joined in the song; yet another and another hand has rent the chain of caste; and the once mighty fabric of Hinduism has been mouldering and falling apace.

In February 1801, the New Testament in the Bengali language, translated by Mr. Carey, issued from the press. This was a great step. But it was only a commencement in this vital department of labour. One day, when the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, and the Bishop of Calcutta, entered the missionaries' establishment at Serampore, they found thirty learned Hindus sitting in silence translating the Sacred Scripture, each into his own tongue. And during the past thirty years, so much has been done in the way of diffusing the Scriptures over India in the annual diffusion of tens of thousands of tracts, that the foundations of the national idolatry have been loosened, and loosened so effectually, that its fall is only a question of time. This is the greatest of all the changes that have passed on India.

It is reported to have been said by a learned native of India, that "upon hundreds of educated Hindus, and more especially on those who are students of the English language and literature, the ancient religion of the country has entirely lost its hold;" and that "numbers are reading the Bible secretly, hiding copies in the folds of their garments, and reading them by stealth. This he had himself done, when groping his way from Hindeism, through infidelity, to the light of the gospel of the blessed God."

This brings us to the India of to-day. We must limit ourselves to one or two features, by the help of which our readers can fill up the portrait. In India we still find the four great evils existing—the false god, the idolatrous temple, Caste, and the Brahmin. But how changed! Sixty years ago, they appeared still in their prime; now they look as if centuries had passed over them since—they are hoary and ready to drop. Sutti has been abolished; the law forbidding widows to marry has been repealed; the practice of Koolin polygamy is in course of being suppressed. Thus three of the chief evils that afflict Hindu society are either removed, or in a fair way of being so. The feasts are falling into neglect; the temples are not so crowded; there are now many thousands of native Christians; there is a goodly band of native preachers; thousands and thousands of Indian adults have the gospel proclaimed to them every Sabbath. Everywhere large and attentive crowds assemble to the preacher. Our own mission are taking steps to organise a native church. Many thousands of youth are receiving Christian instruction in the various institutions. The numbers of such persons in the institutions and schools of the Free Church Mission in Bengal alone amount to nearly three thousand. There has been a wonderful advancement of *Hindu* thought on the subject of female education. In this we have the germ of a mighty revolution. Give us enlightened *mothers*, and we shall soon have a race of noble *sons*. In Bengal there are in the various female schools twelve hundred scholars, In Madras and Bombay there are not fewer than five or six thousand females under tuition. Add to all this, that there are many thousands of young men who have been educated in the government and missionary institutions and colleges, who know Christianity, and who, if not converted men, have yet no faith in Hinduism, filling influential posts all over India. This may give as some feeble idea of the change which has taken place in the Indian mind, and the vaster changes which are inevitable.

This, we repeat, is the great change that has taken place in India, and which God, working by the mission instrumentality, has brought about. It is not the number of converts, it is the suspicion so universally diffused through India, that Hinduism is false, and that the gospel is true, that marks the progress of the work. Even should the British power and the missionary influence be driven out of India, Hinduism would still fall. But if these two continue to operate on the country, we do not see how Hinduism, as a national system, can survive the present century.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

(*From Willmer's European Times, May 9.*)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr Hayter gave notice of a variety of measures, great and small, on the part of the Government, which it was intended to press forward during the present session. Amongst the most prominent may be mentioned a bill to amend the act substituting other punishments in lieu of transportation. The subject of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its stringent monopoly, is about to be brought forward by Mr. Labouchere. With another huge and most unjustifiable monopoly, the Bank of England, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to deal, when he moves for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the working of the Act of 1844. The Savings' Banks are entrusted to the care of the Home Secretary, who proposes to make certain alterations in the existing law. But the most important measure announced, which is not alluded to in the Queen's speech, is the proposition of the Premier to bring in a bill to amend the oaths taken by members in both Houses of Parliament. This last motion is fixed for Thursday next, and people out of doors are puzzled to know whether it means an intention to introduce Baron Rothschild and his co-religionists within the walls of Parliament? We hope it does, but the absence of a topic so important from the Royal Speech may bear a different interpretation. With Lord Palmerston's popularity in the country, and with his present strength in Parliament, he might safely introduce a measure of this kind, which would force the Upper House, in despite of its intolerance, to adopt it. Such a move would elicit the admiration of the country, and would show to the world how superior the member for Tiverton is in his manœuvres to the member for the City of London.

On the second night of the Session the proceedings in both Houses of Parliament were by no means uninteresting. Lord Campbell, in the Lords, moved for a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon a very interesting subject—whether the privilege which attaches to the reporting of the speeches of the Courts of Law might not be extended to the reports of Parliament, *and other assemblies*. The gist of the measure may be found in the three words which are italicised. In his professional capacity, as the head of the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell has seen the advantage which may be taken against newspaper proprietors by vindictive persons, for the purpose of deterring, by the threat of an action for libel, the publication of matter which is of interest to the public, and with respect to which the motives of the publishers are perfectly *bona fide*. This subject comes peculiarly within the province of Lord Campbell, whose amendment of the law of libel will render his name, irrespective of his other distinguished qualities, most favourably known to other generations. Taking advantage of some free and independent criticisms in the press on the exploits of the new Chinese Commander, General Ashburnham, Lord Cardigan drew attention to the subject, and intimated his belief that the facts on which the articles were founded were furnished by junior officers—an annoyance which he wished to see put down. The truth is, that officers of high station, like Lord Cardigan, desire to fetter the minds of the subalterns in matters of opinion as rigidly as the code of military discipline does their bodies. Lord Panmure, who ought to have known better, coincided with Lord Cardigan's illiberal views, and the discussion cannot fail to give dissatisfaction to the great bulk of the military body. If such a rule had been acted upon in the Crimea, the English public would have known little or nothing of the imbecility on the field of battle of officers whose soldierly talents were in the inverse ratio of their exalted positions.

In the House of Commons, last night, the proceedings were less interesting. Sir John Pakington is to bring forward on Monday the subject of the Newfoundland Fisheries. The address in answer to the Speech having been brought up, Mr. Headfield was induced to question the correctness of the British policy in India, and he described the natives over whom we rule as the most oppressed and defrauded people in the world. Mr. Briscoe patted Lord Palmerston on the back for his announcement respecting the new Reform Bill, and he recommended to the noble Lord's attention the speedy settlement of the church-rate question. One of the most important movements of the evening was the introduction by Mr. Adderley of a bill for establishing Industrial Schools in England and Wales.

The opening of the Art-treasures' Exhibition at Manchester on Tuesday, and the inauguration of the statue of the Queen in Peel Park, Salford, on Wednesday, have afforded Prince Albert the opportunity of presenting himself with his customary grace and tact to large assemblages of the people. He is always impressive and dignified. The manner in which he turned to account the allusion by the members of the executive committee to the death of the Duchess of Gloucester was neat and happy. "If I have thought it my duty to attend here to-day, although her mortal remains have not yet been carried to their last place of rest, my decision has been rendered easy by the conviction that could her own opinion and wishes have been known she would, with that sense of duty and patriotic feeling which so much distinguished her *and the generation to which she belonged*, have been anxious that I should not on her account, or from private feeling, disturb an arrangement intended for the public good." With the exception of the words in italic, nothing could be better. But the public will have some difficulty in associating the royal personages in the generation to which the good old lady belonged with anything calculated to refine and elevate the people. They cared nothing for the people, and the reluance then was upon the hangman and the hulks rather than upon art exhibitions and intellectual progress.

Lord John Russell is bidding hard for popularity. He has been attending a Ragged School meeting in the metropolis, for the purpose of showing how readily, and at what comparatively little cost, the vicious classes may be reclaimed; and that if the State took proper means, by the diffusion of education, and the application of the necessary physical appliances, to reform the young, society would be largely benefited. Lord John Russel always takes a large view of every question; but it may be doubted whether the State's interference in cases of this kind might not do more harm than good. The service rendered to society in this country by the voluntary efforts of humane individuals is enormous; and if the State become stepmother to all the abandoned urchins in the land, the number and extent of Juvenile Reformatories would soon rival Union Workhouses. In fact, the parish authorities here and elsewhere are obliged to exercise the closest care and vigilance to prevent the Industrial Schools from being turned into places of refuge for children whose parents are too idle or too drunken to provide for the wants of their own offspring. These Ragged Schools have rendered incalculable service to abandoned children in all the great towns; but once make the temptation too seductive, and then would come the opposite evil,—that at which we have glanced,—which might prove the worst evil of the two.

The people of British Guiana are making a spirited and commendable effort to draw the attention of the inhabitants of the mother country to the capabilities for growing cotton in that fine but neglected colony. A great meeting has recently been held in Georgstown for the purpose, and the statements of some of the speakers are so extraordinary that the newly formed Manchester League for the growth of cotton cannot fail to be arrested by them. One of the leading Colonial papers says of British Guiana:—"Whether we look at the enormous depth and the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, in which the sugar cane will grow and bear successive crops for forty years in succession without any artificial manure,

* Sermon on the Mount. Gospel of St. Matthew vii. 9; and Gospel of St. Luke xi. 11.

† Maybe Pat meant elements.

* Gospel of St. Matthew xxiii. 37.